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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1858, and is now in its hundred and fiftieth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and has been published for half a century. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading, editorial, state, local and general news, well selected, condensed and valuable for the household and the business man. It is published at the rate of \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies are sold at 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 365, Order Sons of St. George—Perry Jeffery, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TOWN, No. 14, Knights of Macdonalds—George A. Peckham, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Recorder. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

COUNT WARREN, No. 7073, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Bruce Butler, President; David McInnis, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Miss B. M. Casey, President; Miss B. M. Dunphy, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 1, A. O. U. W.—Harry L. Burbridge, Master Workman; Perry H. Dwyer, Recorder. Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays.

MADISON LODGE, No. 15, N. E. O. P.—Dudley F. Campbell, Warden; Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Miss B. M. Casey, President; Miss B. M. Dunphy, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

RENEWAL LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—David Davis, Chancellor; William H. Langley, Exalted 1; Gorton, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

CLAN McLEOD, No. 163—Robert B. Munroe, chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

To Urge Fortifications.

A mass meeting was called under the auspices of the Citizens Business Association at Builders and Merchants Exchange on Thursday evening for the purpose of discussing the fortification bill now before Congress and adopting resolutions regarding the same if advisable. President Sheffield of the Association presided at the meeting and explained the reason for the call. He told of the fortification bill now pending in Congress with especial reference to that part referring to fortifications in Narragansett Bay. The first speaker called upon was Major John C. Brooks of Fort Adams, who told of the necessity of making Narragansett Bay a strong position and showed how the safety of New York depends upon it. He spoke of the small number of officers and men of the army stationed in his district and showed how inadequate such a small number is for so important a place. He advised active co-operation to secure new fortifications and more men.

Other speakers included Captain Joseph P. Cotton, Mr. Benjamin F. Tanager, Marshall W. Hall, Thomas B. Connolly, Clark Burdick, Col. Herbert Bliss, George A. Weaver and George W. Ritchie. It was voted that the chairman appoint a committee of three to go to Washington and personally interview our representatives in Congress, their expenses being paid by a fund to be raised by solicitation among the business men. The chair did not announce the membership of the committee to go to Washington, but appointed T. B. Connolly, M. W. Hall and W. S. Langley a committee to solicit funds for the purpose. A resolution was adopted requesting our representatives at Washington to take up the matter and do all in their power to secure the appropriation. A committee of three was appointed to urge business men to write personal letters to the Senators and Representatives, the committee consisting of G. W. Ritchie, J. P. Cotton, and G. A. Weaver. A petition will be circulated for signatures.

The meeting was a small one but those present were very enthusiastic. Although this is mid winter citizens agents have been in town within a few days arranging for exhibitions to be given next June. The Larum & Bailey and the Ringling Brothers shows will both exhibit here this summer, the Broadway lot being selected for both.

The Vanderbilt Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, daughter of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Count László Szechenyi, a young Hungarian nobleman, took place at the home of the bride's mother on Fifth avenue, New York, at high noon on Monday and was one of the most brilliant society affairs that has taken place in New York for a number of years. The guests, who were limited to relatives and intimate friends of the young couple, numbered fully 350 persons. The wedding took place in the large drawing room, in which a bower of palms and arbor of orchids were constructed. Beneath the arbor a temporary altar was erected, in front of which the ceremony took place. The bride entered the room on the arm of her eldest brother, Cornelius Vanderbilt, who gave her away, and they marched down a wide bordered with palms and entwined with orchids. The bride wore a beautiful gown of white ivory satin, with embroidery, point lace and garlands of orange blossoms. Her veil was of point lace, caught up with sprays of orange blossoms and she carried a shower bouquet of orchids and gardenias. At the altar they were met by the groom and his brother, Count Dionys Szechenyi, who performed the duties of best man. The ceremony was performed by Monsignor Michael J. Loyelle, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, assisted by Rev. John J. Byrne. The wedding chorus from Gault's cantata of "Ruth" was sung by 30 boys of St. Patrick's Cathedral choir, who were garbed in surplices and red cassocks. They were assisted by the male quartette of the cathedral.

The bridesmaids were Miss Ruth Vanderbilt Twombly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. McK. Twombly, and a cousin of the bride, and Miss Dorothy Whitney, second daughter of the late William C. Whitney. They wore dresses of white ivory satin made princess style with white silk girdles and large picture hats with pink ostrich plumes. They also wore necklaces of pearls; gifts of the bride, and carried muffs of pink chiffon ornamented with clusters of white, acacia blossoms. Miss Flora Whitney, the ten-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, and niece of the bride, acted as flower girl. She wore a dress of white and carried a basket of white orchids.

A wedding breakfast followed the ceremony, the guests being seated at various tables throughout the house. At the bridal table, under a canopy of white orchids and orange blossoms, sat Count Szechenyi and his bride; Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, her three sons, Cornelius, Alfred and Reginald, with their wives; Count Anton Sigray, Count Stefan Szechenyi, Count Dionys, Count Paul Esterhazy and the ladies of their party.

The wedding gifts, which are estimated to be worth about a million dollars, were most beautiful and came from all parts of the country.

Count and Countess Szechenyi quietly stole away from the merry party and their whereabouts were a mystery to their friends for a few days. Newport took a great interest in the event, as it was thought possible that the bride couple might come to Newport. There was quite a gathering at the station when the Vanderbilt private car arrived but the Count and Countess were not on board. They were finally located at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, at Roslyn, L. I. They may come to Newport later.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Thursday evening, Acting Mayor Shepley presiding in the absence of Mayor Clarke. There was not a great deal of business to be transacted.

The regular department pay rolls were approved, weekly and monthly. Bids were considered from local banking institutions for relieving the city's deposits and paying the city's checks. There were two bids. The National Exchange Bank offered a bonus of \$2072, and the Newport Trust Company offered \$1565. The bid of the former was accepted and the city treasurer was instructed to transfer his account from the Newport Trust Company to the National Exchange Bank.

Mr. Levy, counsel for Mrs. Rosa McGrath, notified the board that the offer of \$750 in settlement of her claim against the city would be accepted and the city treasurer was authorized to pay this amount.

A resolution was passed authorizing the city treasurer to draw the usual interest; also a resolution authorizing the mayor to sign contracts made by the board of aldermen. There was a little other minor business to come before the board.

There was a chimney fire at the residence of Mrs. George E. Vernon on Bull street Thursday morning, but no damage was done.

A Variety of Weather.

Newport has been treated to a special assortment of weather during the past few days. Everyone had a chance to take his choice as the weather than apparently submitted samples of all the kinds he carried in stock. Strange to say, there have been few who expressed satisfaction at any of it, for the weather man was unable to confine himself to moderate styles but went to the extreme in all the samples that he showed.

Following the blizzard of last Friday a week or more of snow was anticipated and every effort was directed by railway men, highway department and others to get the snow removed so that traffic might continue unimpeded. The snow was expected to remain where it fell until removed by human agency, but the trouble and expense was in a large degree wasted, for the warm spell of Saturday and Sunday carried away the snow with great rapidity. The work of the highway department in opening the gutters was appreciated, for otherwise the rapidly melting snow would have caused much trouble in the streets.

The weather was so warm on Saturday afternoon and Sunday that it seemed as if rain must have helped to carry away the snow. One could almost see it fade away as the great drifts diminished, but as the ground was soft the water soaked in and there was no trouble in this respect. There were a few sleighs out on Sunday but they took considerable risk of getting caught without enough snow to get home on and the sleighing was not very good anyway.

By Wednesday another light storm had come up and it rained easily for a time and then turned to snow. The fall did not amount to much however, and by the evening of darkness the wind shifted to the northwest and the temperature fell rapidly. The wind blew strongly and the night gave promise of being a severe one. At 11 o'clock the thermometer indicated about twenty and was still going down. Thursday morning the temperature varied from nearly zero to 5 above, and it did not moderate much during the day. Thursday night was another cold one, the temperature being fully as low as the preceding night. A little relief was promised for Friday afternoon as the weather bureau indications called for slowly rising temperatures.

The ice men are hoping for a continuance of the cold spell for a time at least. February is now here and there has not yet been any ice on the ponds at all. Unless suitable weather comes in the next week or two all prospects of a good ice crop for the season, will be doomed. There is little chance for a good crop much after the middle of the month, for by that time the sun gets so high at noon that it melts the ice and injures its keeping qualities, even though the crop may be thick enough to harvest.

Base Ball Revival.

Plans are well under way to have Newport represented by a good baseball team in an eight-team league during the coming summer. It seems certain now that something will be accomplished so that professional baseball, so long dormant here, may be revived. Ever since the days of the successful Newport team in the New England League, followed by a season or two of losing battles which resulted in the breaking up of the team, there has been a popular demand for good baseball. Those who backed the former team have still retained their interest in the national sport and are the ones who are actively engaged in promoting the present scheme. Mr. Duncan McLean is one of the active workers and as he generally puts through what he undertakes it is expected that this will soon be an actuality.

The preliminary steps have been taken by the securing of a sufficient number of pledges for stock in an association to warrant going ahead. A meeting was held in the Mercury Building on Friday evening when the matter was thoroughly discussed. A new league is being formed to be known as the Atlantic League, and a number of cities are contemplating joining. Among them are Newport, Pawtucket, Woonsocket, Marlboro, Fitchburg, Lowell, Portland and Nashua. The salary list will be limited to \$1200.

The local organization has not yet determined upon suitable grounds but has a number of places under consideration. Several lots on outer Broadway have been looked upon with considerable favor.

Mr. Harwood E. Read, who was taken suddenly ill on Tuesday, is improving and is able to be up and around his home and see his friends.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's residence, The Breakers, has been closed for the winter.

Wedding Bells.

Kieruan-Nolan.
St. Mary's Church was the scene of a very pretty wedding Wednesday morning when Miss Catherine A. Nolan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick C. Nolan, was married to Mr. Edward J. Kieruan, there being a large gathering of relatives and friends to witness the ceremony. The mass was celebrated by Rev. James A. Bailey of Providence, a personal friend of the young couple, and Rev. Fathers McMan, Reddy and Tierney.

The bride, who was given away by her father, was most becomingly gowned in a dress of white lace over white chiffon and wore a long tulle veil caught up with orange blossoms. Her bouquet, which was of shower effect, was of white roses and lilies of the valley. Miss Margaret Nolan, a sister of the bride, was the bridesmaid. She wore a dress of pink liberty satin and a picture hat of cream lace with pink roses and her bouquet was of pink roses. Mr. Thomas Laus performed the duties of best man, while the ushers were Messrs. John F. J. O'Connor, Michael F. Murray, Robert J. Nolan and William H. Tobin.

A wedding breakfast and a largely attended reception followed at the home of the bride's parents on Berkeley avenue, where the wedding gifts, which were useful and beautiful, were shown.

Mr. and Mrs. Kieruan left in the afternoon for New York on their wedding trip. Before returning to Newport they will visit Washington and other places. The bride's traveling suit was of blue with hat to match.

Nordstrom-Sullivan.

Mr. Isidore Nordstrom, connected with the Training Station in the capacity of drill master, has just returned to this city with a bride, who was Miss Katherine Veronica Sullivan. The nuptial knot was tied at the rectory of St. James Pro-Cathedral last Sunday afternoon by the Rev. P. J. Donohue.

Owing to the recent death of the bride's father, the wedding at the home of her mother at 218 Bridge street, Brooklyn, was necessarily a quiet one, and only the closest friends of the bride and bridegroom and very near relatives of the family were invited.

The bride wore a princess gown of Irish lace over white silk, and carried a bouquet of Bride roses, while her veil of white tulle was fastened with a spray of orange blossoms and lilies of the valley. She was attended by Miss Ellen Devlin, acting as bridesmaid, who wore a white silk princess gown and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley.

The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Timothy Sheehan as best man.

Recent Deaths.

Mrs. Frederick Sheldon.
Mrs. Amey Richmond Sheldon, widow of Frederick Sheldon, died very suddenly at her home in New York on Wednesday. She was one of Newport's oldest summer residents, having occupied a cottage here for nearly 40 years. She was always one of the early arrivals and remained here until the fall. She was a daughter of the late Daniel B. Fearing, who was one of the pioneer cottage residents, and the larger part of her early years was also spent here. She was a sister of Colonel George R. Fearing, of the late Henry S. Fearing and of the first wife of Mr. Henry A. C. Taylor. She had no children, but is survived by four nephews and a niece—Messrs. Daniel B. Fearing, George R. Fearing, Jr., Moses Taylor and Henry R. Taylor and Countess de la Gherardiere.

Mr. Sheldon died in this city on November 21st of last year and Mrs. Sheldon accompanied the body to New York, remaining there until her death.

Funeral services will take place at Grace church on Saturday morning and the body will be brought to Newport for interment in the Fearing plot in the Island Cemetery.

Mrs. Michael McCloskey.

Mrs. Mary A. McCloskey, wife of Mr. Michael McCloskey, died at her home in the Mayer Block on Spring street on Tuesday. She had resided in Newport for many years, where she had a host of friends. She is the mother of Mr. Frank J. McCloskey of this city.

Funeral services were held at St. Joseph's Church on Friday morning and were largely attended. The body was taken to Valley Falls for interment.

Y. M. C. A. Auxiliary.

The annual meeting of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Young Men's Christian Association was held on Saturday last with large attendance. Two reports of the various officers were very encouraging and much satisfaction was expressed at the excellent showing made. The report of Mrs. Clarence Stanhope, secretary, contained the following:

The membership of the auxiliary is 305. We have added 25 to our membership the past year. Four of our members have passed away, Mrs. Hannah W. Stoddard, Mrs. Alexander Melver, Mrs. Charles H. Peabody and Mrs. Ernest Allan. There have been nine meetings held with an average attendance of 57. March 7 the sixth district conference was held at Woonsocket, R. I. Six of our members attended. November 5 and 6 the annual conference of the two states met at Worcester, Mass. Eight of our ladies attended as delegates.

The auxiliary has given \$10 for state work, purchased chairs, etc., for the association, and contributed money for the boys' work. November 15 and 16 a bazaar was held and a neat sum was added to our building fund. For three years the companies which the auxiliary has been divided into have worked and done whatever they could to raise \$5,000, which was the pledge towards the building fund, and when the reports have all been given we trust our efforts have not been in vain.

Never in the history of the auxiliary have our prospects been so bright and promising. With the new building in sight, which has been made possible through the splendid gift of Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt, we shall have greater opportunities, better facilities, and certainly more encouragement for the carrying on of our work. May we hope for great results in our endeavors to do what we can for the well being of the boys and young men of Newport.

Mrs. Albert K. Sherman, treasurer, presented the following report:

Receipts.	
Balance on hand January 21, 1907.	\$191.57
Membership fees.	282.50
Balance from social committee.	8.35
Collected for Mr. Roberts.	6.00
Collected for Rogers.	8.81
Received from bazaar.	151.87
Received from the different companies for 1906.	1,422.02
Total.	\$2,063.75
Expenditures.	
Current expenses.	\$290.00
State work.	10.00
Secretary's expenses.	25.00
Social committee.	25.61
Boys' committee.	19.52
Flowers.	40.85
Janitors.	24.00
T. T. Pitman, M. I.	1.00
Balance in Savings Bank.	1,830.00
Balance on hand, January 21, 1908.	\$1.25
Total.	\$2,063.75

The following officers and directors were elected:

President—Mrs. William B. Franklin.
Vice Presidents—Mrs. T. Fred Kaull, Mrs. Roland J. Easton.
Secretary—Mrs. Clarence Stanhope.
Treasurer—Mrs. Albert K. Sherman.
Directors—Mrs. I. B. Rider of the First Baptist Church, Mrs. William H. Easton and Mrs. Henry D. Scott of the Second Baptist, Mrs. Samuel T. H. Allison of the United Congregational, Mrs. Oliver E. French of the First Methodist Episcopal, Mrs. Jesse E. Peckham of the Thames Street Methodist Episcopal, Mrs. Albert W. Luther of the First Presbyterian, Mrs. Fred A. Allan, Jr., of Trinity, Mrs. Henry H. Tilley of Emmanuel, Mrs. Peter King of St. George's, Mrs. George M. Friend of St. John's and Mrs. Daniel Wetzel of the Friends Church.

Membership Committee—Mrs. William H. Tibbets, chairman; Miss Henrietta Nason, Mrs. George C. Barker, Mrs. B. T. Bosworth, Miss Bessie McLeish, Mrs. William J. Peckham, Mrs. Herbert Bliss, Mrs. G. L. Peterson, Mrs. Mary A. Hazard, Mrs. Jacob Mohr, Mrs. Thomas Duffy.
Chairman of Committees—Devotional, Mrs. Achilles Stevens; sick visiting, Mrs. William F. West; reception, Mrs. David A. Putt; boys' work, Mrs. Roland J. Easton; rooms, Mrs. Samuel L. Carr; entertainment, Mrs. Samuel T. H. Allison.

There was an interesting meeting of the Newport Horticultural Society in Mercury Hall on Tuesday evening when Mr. Alexander McLehlan delivered a lecture on "Plant Nomenclature." Mr. McLehlan is thoroughly familiar with his subject and his lecture was of great value to the members and guests that attended. At the conclusion of his remarks other members spoke briefly.

There was an interesting and novel entertainment in the parlors of the First Presbyterian Church on Thursday evening. Through the courtesy of James H. Barney, Jr., & Co., a phonograph concert was given, the instrument used being a Victor V talking and singing machine. The programme included both classical and popular music and was greatly enjoyed by all present.

Hon. George Peabody Wetmore of Newport was sworn in as a member of the United States Senate on Monday and was at once assigned to such of his old committees as had been retained for him. He was warmly welcomed to Washington by his colleagues, and he will be a strong factor in shaping legislation at the national capital for the next five years.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wharton Albion (Miss Elziona R. Crandall) have returned from a trip to California.

Rev. Henry Morgan Stone has taken up his residence in Boston.

Middletown.

The storm of last week, while leaving much bare ground, caused so many banks to form from wall to wall, that the milkmen had a very dangerous and delayed trip to Newport. The only available route was over walls and across fields. Some of the men stabled their horses and did not return until the next day. A force of men worked all day Saturday and Sunday to clear the roads, and had it not been for the heavy rain of Sunday night, would have been obliged to continue on Monday. The rain washed away considerable of the snow, although remnants of the seven and eight feet banks are still seen. Owing to the bad condition of the roads, the Saturday evening meeting of the Runkonkoma Dramatic Club was postponed, and on Sunday there was but a small attendance at the various churches.

At the meeting of Aquidneck Grange held last week, Professor A. E. Stone, supt. of College Extension in Agriculture at Kingston College, was an unexpected guest of the evening, coming over to bring before the Middletown people the special needs of the college. The institution has been steadily growing each year until there is a very urgent need of enlarged dormitories and other necessary buildings. The present enrollment of 140 students is a much larger number than can be comfortably accommodated, the rooms being all overcrowded. Last year when every place in the village and on the grounds was filled, when students failed to remain because of lack of satisfactory accommodations, when the college authorities did not feel that they could invite young women to come to the college because they could not properly provide for their comfort, when at least one professor had to hire a house in Peace Dale because he could not get accommodation of any kind at Kingston or at the College, it seemed as if the limit had been reached, and the college would have to turn away nearly all its incoming freshman class. To do this at a time when the college is beginning to win that recognition which will enable it to accomplish its great functions in the state would seem suicidal. It would mean the throwing away of the large sums already invested by the state, and a breaking of faith with the national government and ultimate forfeiture of the annual gift from the government. This money can be used only for enlarged instruction and not for buildings or lands.

If the college is to utilize this fund to its satisfactory degree it must have enlarged accommodations. After much careful consideration of the entire situation at the Rhode Island College at Kingston, it is proposed to ask the legislature (and the support of the farming communities in the legislature) to appropriate for the college the coming year the sum of \$80,000.00 in addition to the regular maintenance appropriation for the purpose of constructing a new building to house 100 students, to take up a new dining hall and kitchen for a club of 150 persons, and to give an assembly hall to accommodate 400 persons, so as to allow the remodeling of Lipsett Hall, that this building may give suitable quarters for the library, which has been steadily growing, and is now taking up much needed class room. Mr. Stone also presented a summary of the campaign being waged against the gypsy moth and San Jose scale by the Board of Agriculture, asking the Grange's assistance in securing an appropriation whereby these pests may be exterminated. The latter portion of the Grange evening was devoted to progressive whist. The programme for the new year, which were distributed, contain an excellent likeness of the present master, Mr. J. Overton Peckham, and an interesting list of entertainments for the Grange year.

St. Columba's Guild held its first meeting in its new quarters at the Parish House on Thursday afternoon.

A reception was tendered the new rector of St. Mary's Church and Holy Cross Chapel the Rev. Frederick W. Goodman, on Friday evening at Holy Cross Guild House.

The ladies of the Women's Christian Temperance Union held a mystery supper and lecture Thursday evening at the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was a postponement from Wednesday evening, due to the storm. Supper was served at 7:30 in the large vestry, the committee in charge being Mrs. J. Oscar Peckham and Mrs. Irving A. Corey, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Elison Grinnell. Home made candy was also on sale. An excellent musical program was given while the supper was in progress by Mr. Irving A. Corey and Miss Helen M. Ward on violin and piano.

The speaker was Miss Mary E. Olney, State secretary, of Providence, and her subject "The Dangers of Alcohol and other Narcotics," in connection with which she used many black-board illustrations. The musical program included a trio by Mrs. Ida May Brown and Mr. and Mrs. John H. Peckham, a solo by Mrs. Brown and general singing. As the president of the Middletown Union, Mrs. B. J. Grinnell, had been called away on business, the exercises were conducted by Mrs. Elsie A. Peckham. The floral decorations for the supper table and the lecturer's desk were pink carnations and ferns and a fine portrait of Miss Frances E. Willard was seen on the platform together with the banner of this union.

Mr. Joseph A. Peckham and Mr. Elsie A. Peckham drove to Little Compton on Friday to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. Albert Peckham, who has many relatives in Middletown.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hamilton of New York have been receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, which occurred in New York on January 18th. Mrs. Hamilton was formerly Miss Bertha Chaso of Portsmouth.

Mrs. Bessie E. Rogers, police matron, fell on an icy sidewalk on Rhode Island avenue Thursday evening, spraining her arm.

IN THE FOG

BY
Richard Harding Davis.

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CHAPTER III—CONTINUED

"Don't speak to me," he cried, as I ventured to interrupt him. "I can see it now. It is all plain. It was not the servant, but his master, the Russian himself, and it was he who came back for the letters! He came back for them because he knew they would convict him. We must find them. We must have those letters. If we find the one with the Russian postmark, we shall have found the murderer." He spoke like a madman, and as he spoke he ran around the room with one hand held out in front of him as you have seen a mind-reader at a theatre seeking for something hidden in the stalls. He pulled out old letters from the writing-desk, and ran them over as swiftly as a gambler deals out cards; he dropped on his knees before the fireplace and dragged out the dead coals with his bare fingers, and then with a low, worried cry, like a hound on a scent, he ran back to the waste-paper basket and, lifting the papers from it, shook them out upon the floor. Instantly he gave a shout of triumph, and, separating a number of torn pieces from the others, held them up before me.

"Look!" he cried. "Do you see? Here are five letters, torn across in two places. The Russian did not stop to read them, for, as you see, he has left them still sealed. I have been wrong. He did not return for the letters. He could not have known their value. He must have returned for some other reason, and, as he was leaving, saw the letter-box, and taking out the letters, held them together—so—and tore them twice across, and then, as the fire had gone out, tossed them into this basket. Look!" he cried, "here in the upper corner of this piece is a Russian stamp. This is his own letter—unopened!"

"We examined the Russian stamp and found it had been cancelled at St. Petersburg four days ago. The back of the envelope bore the postmark of the branch station in upper Sloane Street, and was dated this morning. The envelope was of official blue paper and we had no difficulty in finding the two other parts of it. We drew the torn pieces of the letter from them and joined them together side by side. There were but two lines of writing, and this was the message: 'I leave Petersburg on the night train, and I shall see you at Trevor Terrace after dinner Tuesday evening.'

"That was last night!" Lyle cried. "He arrived twelve hours ahead of his letter—but it came in time—it came in time to hang him!"

The Baronet struck the table with his hand.

"The name!" he demanded. "How was it signed? What was the man's name?"

The young Solicitor rose to his feet and, leaning forward, stretched out his arm. "There was no name," he cried. "The letter was signed with only two initials. But engraved at the top of the sheet was the man's address. That address was 'The American Embassy, St. Petersburg, Bureau of the Naval Attache,' and the initials," he shouted, his voice rising into an exultant and bitter cry, "were those of the gentleman who sits opposite who told us that he was the first to find the murdered bodies, the Naval Attache to Russia, Lieutenant Sears!"

A strained and awful hush followed the Solicitor's words, which seemed to vibrate like a twanging bowstring that had just hurled its bolt. Sir Andrew, pale and staring, drew away with an exclamation of repulsion. His eyes were fastened upon the Naval Attache with fascinated horror. But the American emitted a sigh of great content, and sank comfortably into the arms of his chair. He clapped his hands softly together.

"Capital!" he murmured. "I give you my word I never guessed what you were driving at. You fooled me, I'll be hanged if you didn't—you certainly fooled me."

The man with the pearl stud leaned forward with a nervous gesture. "Hush! be careful!" he whispered. But at that instant, for the third time, a servant, hastening through the room, handed him a piece of paper which he scanned eagerly. The message on the paper read, "The light over the Commons is out. The House has risen."

"Hurrah!" he cried. "The House is up! We've won!" He caught up his glass, and slapped the Naval Attache violently upon the shoulder. He nodded joyously at him, at the Solicitor, and at the Queen's Messenger. "Gentlemen, to you!" he cried; "my thanks and my congratulations!" He drank deep from his glass, and breathed forth a long sigh of satisfaction and relief.

"But I say," protested the Queen's Messenger, shaking his finger violently at the Solicitor; "that story won't do. You didn't play fair—and you talked so fast I couldn't make out what it was all about. I'll bet you that evidence wouldn't hold in a court of law—you couldn't hang a cat on such evidence. Your story is condemned to rot. Now my story might have happened, my story bore the mark—"

In the joy of creation the story-tellers had forgotten their audience, until a sudden exclamation from Sir Andrew caused them to turn guiltily toward him. His face was knit with lines of anger, doubt, and amazement.

"What does this mean?" he cried. "Is this a jest, or are you mad? If you know this man is a murderer, why is he at large? Is this a game you have been playing? Explain yourselves at once. What does it mean?"

The American, with first a glance at the others, rose and bowed courteously.

"I am not a murderer, Sir Andrew, believe me," he said; "you need not be alarmed. As a matter of fact, at this moment I am much more afraid of you than you could possibly be of me. I beg you please to be indulgent. I assure you, we meant no disrespect. We have been matching stories, that is all, pretending that we are people we are not, endeavoring to entertain you with better detective tales than, for instance, the last one you read, 'The Great Rand Robbery.'"

The Baronet brushed his hand nervously across his forehead.

"Do you mean to tell me," he exclaimed, "that none of this has happened? That Lord Chetney is not dead, that his Solicitor did not find a letter of yours written from your post in Petersburg, and that just now, when he charged you with murder, he was in jest?"

"I am really very sorry," said the American, "but you see, sir, he could not have found a letter written by me in St. Petersburg because I have never been in Petersburg. Until this week, I have never been outside of my own country. I am not a naval officer. I am a

writer of short stories. And to-night, when this gentleman told me that you were fond of detective stories, I thought it would be amusing to tell you one of my own—one I had just nipped out this afternoon."

"But Lord Chetney is a real person," interrupted the Baronet, "and he did go to Africa two years ago, and he was supposed to have died there, and his brother, Lord Arthur, has been the heir. And yesterday Chetney did return. I read it in the papers."

"So did I," assented the American soothingly; "and it struck me as being a very good plot for a story. I mean his unexpected return from the dead, and the probable disappointment of the younger brother. So I had decided that the younger brother had better murder the older one. 'The Princess Zichy I invented out of a clear sky. The fog I did not invent. Since last night I know all that there is to know about a London fog. I was lost in one for three hours.'"

The Baronet turned grimly upon the Queen's Messenger.

"But this gentleman," he protested, "he is not a writer of short stories; he is a member of the Foreign Office. I have often seen him in Whitehall, and, according to him, the Princess Zichy is not an invention. He says she is very well known, that she tried to rob him."

The servant of the Foreign Office looked unhappily at the Cabinet Minister, and puffed nervously on his cigar.

"It's true, Sir Andrew, that I am a Queen's Messenger," he said appealingly, "and a Russian woman once did try to rob a Queen's Messenger in a railway carriage—only it did not happen to me, but to a pal of mine. The only Russian princess I ever knew called herself Zabrisky. You may have seen her. She used to do a diva from the roof of the Aquarium."

Sir Andrew, with a snort of indignation, fronted the young Solicitor.

"And I suppose yours was a cock-and-bull story, too," he said. "Of course, it must have been, since Lord Chetney is not dead. But don't tell me," he protested, "that you are not Chudleigh's son either."

"I'm sorry," said the youngest member, smiling in some embarrassment, "but my name is not Chudleigh. I assure you, though, that I know the family very well, and that I am on very good terms with them."

"You should be!" exclaimed the Baronet; "and, judging from the liberties you take with the Chetneys, you had better be on very good terms with them, too."

The young man leaned back and glanced toward the servants at the far end of the room.

"It has been so long since I have been in the Club," he said, "that I doubt if even the waiters remember me. Perhaps Joseph may," he added. "Joseph?" he called, and at the word a servant stepped briskly forward.

The young man pointed to the stuffed head of a great lion which was suspended above the fireplace.

"Joseph," he said, "I want you to tell those gentlemen who shot that lion. Who presented it to the Grill?"

Joseph, unused to acting as master of ceremonies to members of the Club, shifted nervously from one foot to the other.

"Why, you—you did," he stammered.

"Of course I did!" exclaimed the young man. "I mean, what is the name of the man who shot it? Tell the gentlemen who I am. They wouldn't believe me."

"Who are you, my lord?" said Joseph. "You are Lord Edam's son, the Earl of Chetney."

"You must admit," said Lord Chetney, when the noise had died away, "that I couldn't remain dead while my little brother was accused of murder. I had to do something. Family pride demanded



"HE DROPPED ON HIS KNEES BEFORE THE FIREPLACE."

it. Now, Arthur, as the younger brother, can't afford to be squeamish, but personally I should hate to have a brother of mine hanged for murder."

"You certainly showed no scruples against hanging me," said the American, "but in the face of your evidence I admit my guilt, and I sentence myself to pay the full penalty of the law as we are made to pay it in my own country. The order of this court is," he announced, "that Joseph shall bring me a wine-card, and that I sign it for five bottles of the Club's best champagne."

"Oh, no!" protested the man with the pearl stud, "it is not for you to sign it. In my opinion it is Sir Andrew who should pay the costs. It is time you knew," he said, turning to that gentleman, "that unconsciously you have been the victim of what I may call a patriotic conspiracy. These stories have had a more serious purpose than merely to amuse. They have been told with the worthy object of detaining you from the House of Commons. I must explain to you, that all through this evening I have had a servant waiting in Trafalgar Square with instructions to bring me word as soon as the light over the House of Commons had ceased to burn. The light is now out, and the object for which we plotted is attained."

The Baronet glanced keenly at the man with the black pearl, and then quickly at his watch. The smile disappeared from his lips, and his face was set in stern and forbidding lines.

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

WINTER BUTTERFLIES.

A Hardy Brood For Which Frost and Snow Possess No Terrors. Coming in one day from a walk in a heavy snowstorm, I dropped upon the dining table some triangular brownish spots that looked at first sight like pieces of dried bark.

"What are those—chips?"

"No. Butterflies."

Such a reply with a foot of snow on the ground and great probability of a frost more before morning was accepted as a pleasant and not to be taken seriously. The idea of catching butterflies in a snowstorm seemed too "fuzzy" for serious consideration.

On the approach of winter most of the butterflies, those delicate little creatures of fair weather, naturally die. But among their number there is a whole hardy brood for which the rigors of winter possess no terrors. These are the angle wings, or vane-skies. They are frequently called "chaw butterflies" from the fact that during the warm spells of winter they awake from their torpor and may frequently be seen sunning themselves near their place of hibernation or if the weather is mild and pleasant flitting lightly about in the open places.

These insects pass the winter both as chrysalis and as mature butterflies. Normally they remain in the chrysalis form only about two weeks, but it is probable that the severe cold overtakes some before they are fully developed, which may account for some of them hibernating as chrysalis.—St. Nicholas.

COURTING DEATH.

The Work of the Mounted Police of Canada in the Northwest.

The Northwest policeman's first duty is to die if that should be necessary. He is not allowed to shoot a desperado, go up, sit on his carcass, roll a cigarette and then read the warrant. He must not shoot. At all events he must not shoot first, which is often fatal, for if there is a time when delay is dangerous it is when you are covering an outlaw, writes Cy Warman in the Sunday Magazine.

Numbers of the force have been known to ride or walk into the very mouth of a cocked .45 Colt and never flinch. In about ninety-eight cases out of every hundred the man behind the gun weakened. In the other two cases he extended his lease of life, but made his going doubly sure. When a mounted policeman falls, the open space he leaves is immediately closed, for back of him stands the Dominion government and back of that the British empire. So the desperado who thinks he can kill and get away has a hard time. If the police chase him out of the Dominion back to the islands, he is likely to fetch up at Scotland Yard. If his native village lies south of the forty-ninth, the Pinkertons take up his trail, and when all these forces are after a man his days are gliding swiftly by.

"Next!"

"I was counsel for a railway company in the west," says a prominent New York lawyer, "in whose employ a section hand had been killed by an express train. His widow, of course, sued for damages. The principal witness swore positively that the locomotive whistle had not sounded until after the entire train had passed over his departed friend."

"You admit that the whistle blew?" I sternly demanded of the witness.

"Oh, yes; it blew."

"Now," I added impressively, "if that whistle sounded in time to give Morgan warning the fact would be in favor of the company, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose so," said the witness.

"Very well. Now, for what earthly purpose would the engineer blow his whistle after the man had been struck?"

"I presume," replied the witness, with great deliberation, "that the whistle was for the next man on the track."—Harper's Weekly.

Summary Conversion.

Itavallians all became Christians through the simple process of an edict—knaped of one of the sturdy old Kamelians. The worthy king, observing that it was easier to kill an enemy with a rifle than with a club and that the rifle was the invention of the Christians, took a short cut through the theological mazes of the missionaries who were trying to convert his subjects and announced that all Itavallians were from that moment Christians. As he added, that he would knock on the head any who objected the thing was done as fast as his couriers could deliver his message to his loving subjects.—New York World.

What He Had Done.

Tactful and delicate even for a Frenchman was the reply made by a Parisian who had not found "a life on the ocean wave" all which one could wish. He was sinking, pale and haggard, into his steamer chair when his neighbor cheerily asked: "Have you breakfasted, monsieur?" "No, m'sieur," answered the Frenchman, with a wan smile; "I have not breakfasted. On the contrary!"—Everybody's Magazine.

At a Disadvantage.

Bacon—Would you call him a good talker?

Erbert—No, I would not.

"How many times have you heard him talk?"

"Only once."

"And when was that?"

"When he was trying to open a cat window."—Yonkers Statesman.

Had a Woman to Blame.

"I have had dreadful luck. This morning I dropped my spectacles, and my wife stepped on them."

"That's what I call good luck. If I had dropped mine, I should have stepped on them myself."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Poet Answered.

"Do you know that I was born on the same day Emerson died?"

"Both events being a cruel misfortune to literature."—Bohemian.

He hurts the good who spares the bad.—Pope.

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WITH OLDEN RITES

Archbishop O'Connell Receives
Sacred Pallium at Boston

INVESTED BY CARDINAL

Highest Dignitaries Attend Ceremony Which Marks a New Era For the Roman Catholic Church in New England—A Rare Occasion

Boston, Jan. 29.—The sacred pallium was invested upon Archbishop William H. O'Connell by Cardinal Gibbons at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross today with all the pomp, dignity and solemnity which sixteen centuries have contributed to the ceremony of conferring final authority upon the head of an archiepiscopal diocese by the personal representatives of the pope.

The splendor of the decorations of the altar, the grandeur of the music of the mass, the imposing array of bishops and priests from twelve states, together with representatives of the political life of state and city, and, finally, the placing upon the shoulders of the head of the church in New England of the white pallium from the tomb of St. Peter in Rome by the prince of the church in this country, made the occasion a memorable one in the religious history of Boston.

The conferring of the sacred pallium was instituted in the fourth century and to a new archbishop it is the sign of power and authority from Rome, as well as allegiance to the head of the church. The vestment is a band of white woolen cloth about three inches in width, almost circular in form, while inserted in it are six purple crosses, the whole being worn about the shoulders and fastened with three gold pins.

The pallium is made from the wool of two white lambs offered at the feast of St. Agnes on Jan. 21 at Rome. It is woven by the nuns of the convent of Terce de Spechi. With others, it is placed in a silver coffer and laid in close proximity to the body of the Apostle St. Peter in verification of the words: "We confer upon thee the pallium taken from the body of blessed Peter."

Once conferred upon the archbishop, the pallium remains forever in his possession, even after death, as it is buried with his body. The first wearing of the pallium in this country was Archbishop Carroll of Baltimore, and it was thirty-three years ago that it was conferred upon Archbishop Williams of this city, who died last September. The conferring of the vestment today upon his successor marked a new era in the Catholic church in New England.

The rarity and significance of the occasion and the presence of so many dignitaries of the church drew a tremendous crowd to the South End, and it was with difficulty that the streets immediately surrounding the cathedral were kept clear for the invited guests. Washington street was roped off completely for an hour before the ceremonies began and nearby side streets were also freed from the crowds.

The cathedral was filled early with invited guests, including Governor Guild, members of his executive council, Mayor Hibbard and members of the city government, and a number of other state and city officials. The altar presented a brilliant spectacle. Against a background was arranged a great mass of palms and ferns, while across from one side to the other was a golden band of incandescent lights.

The ceremonies began at 10 o'clock with the procession of priests, bishops and other dignitaries of the church, with Archbishop O'Connell and his train-bearers, and finally, Cardinal Gibbons and his suite bringing up the rear. The solemn, high pontifical mass was then begun, Cardinal Gibbons officiating and intoning the opening blessing. The sermon of the mass was preached by Very Rev. Lawrence P. Kearney, the provincial of the Dominican fathers of Washington, and instead of being after the gospel, was not delivered until just before the conclusion of the mass.

The ceremony of conferring the pallium followed immediately after the benediction of the mass. During the mass it lay wrapped in heavy silk on the middle of the altar. The ceremony began with the administering of the oath of fealty by Cardinal Gibbons to Archbishop O'Connell. In taking the oath the archbishop was clad in his pontifical vestments, with the exception, however, of the mitre and gloves.

At the conclusion of the administration of the oath, the cardinal rose from his seat and, lifting the pallium from the altar, laid it upon the shoulders of the archbishop. The addresses of the cardinal and the responses of the archbishop were both in Latin and English. As soon as the declaration of the cardinal was made investing the pallium, the archbishop ascended to the altar and pronounced the papal benediction. The dignitaries then filed from the sanctuary, which brought the ceremonies to a close.

Forced to the Wall
New York, Jan. 27.—Comptroller of the Currency Hedges has ordered the National Bank of North America closed for liquidation and appointed Charles A. Hanna, national bank examiner, as receiver.

Death of Prince of Lippe
Heldberg, Jan. 29.—Count Leopold, the reigning prince of Lippe, is dead. He was born on May 30, 1871, and was the son of the late Count Ernst of Lippe-Biesterfeld.

Frothingham's Aspiration
Boston, Jan. 29.—Louis A. Frothingham of Boston announces that he will be a candidate for the Republican nomination for lieutenant governor this year, to succeed Eben S. Draper. Frothingham was speaker of the house in 1906 and was Republican candidate for mayor of Boston in the fall of the same year.

BANK DOORS ARE CLOSED

Two Big N. Y. Institutions Are In Financial Difficulties

New York, Jan. 30.—Two financial institutions of New York city, one a national and the other a state bank, did not open their doors this morning. The New Amsterdam National bank, capital \$1,000,000, was taken in charge by a representative of the comptroller of the currency early last evening, and the Mechanics and Traders' bank, a state institution, capital \$2,000,000, announced shortly before midnight the decision of the directors not to open today.

Both banks announced their ability to pay all depositors. A statement of the New Amsterdam National shows individual deposits of \$205,272. No statement of the liabilities and assets of the Mechanics and Traders' could be had.

Both institutions had been known as the Morse-Thomas chain of financial institutions, but both had undergone a reorganization of the directorates. The Mechanics and Traders' bank had two branches in Manhattan and ten in Brooklyn. All these branches remained closed today.

State Bank Withstands Run

New York, Jan. 31.—Consequent upon the closing of the New Amsterdam National bank and the Mechanics and Traders' bank, there was a run on the Oriental bank, a state institution, yesterday, which it successfully withstood. All depositors were paid promptly and it was given out last evening that the bank would be able to secure all the assistance necessary to tide it over the run.

Diplomatic Rupture Threatens

St. Petersburg, Jan. 31.—A serious conflict appears to be impending between Russia and Austria-Hungary over the Austrian plans for the establishment of direct railroad connections between Vienna, Salonika and Athens. This is regarded here as likely to upset the whole Balkan situation and rupture the concert of powers, on which the continuance of reform work in Macedonia depends. The Russian government has no intention of submitting tamely to the execution of the Austro-Hungarian project.

Woman Had In Murder Case

Peabody, Mass., Jan. 30.—After a hearing lasting all day, Laura Lewandowski was held without bail for the grand jury on the charge of having been implicated in the murder here of Dudley Kubak, a Pole, on Jan. 9. Patrolman O'Connor testified that on the night of Jan. 9 he saw Kubak and Laura Lewandowski cross Washington street and go towards the lane leading into the field where Kubak's terribly mutilated body was subsequently found.

Not Unusual to Prison Life

Northampton, Mass., Jan. 30.—A sentence of from four to five years in state prison was imposed on Albert H. Hurd for horse stealing. This is Hurd's eighth sentence on the charge of horse stealing and makes a total of 53½ years in prison, according to the sentences imposed. He is 67 years of age and has actually spent forty years in prisons in Connecticut and Massachusetts, some concessions having been granted him from his sentences for good behavior.

Death of Cardinal Richard

Paris, Jan. 29.—Cardinal Richard, the archbishop of Paris, who had been suffering with congestion of the lungs, died yesterday. The cardinal began to fail in health after the sensational quarrel between the Roman Catholic church and the French government, in which he carried out the wishes of the pope to defy the attack of the government on the church. The cardinal was born in Nantes in 1819.

Predicts Clash With Japan

Paris, Jan. 31.—Captain Loir, an expert attached to the naval reserve, in a lecture before the French Maritime league last night expressed the opinion that war between the United States and Japan was inevitable at some later date, because the industrial and imperialistic ambitions of the two nations were bound to bring about a clash.

Tariff Revision Without Politics

Chicago, Jan. 29.—It is announced by the Chicago Association of Commerce that one of the most influential and representative industrial committees organized in recent years will assemble on Feb. 3 in Washington for the purpose of urging tariff revision, without the interference of politics, after the next presidential election.

Two Days on Active List

Washington, Jan. 30.—The unique experience of having the rank of a rear admiral on the active list for two days has fallen to the lot of Rear Admiral Logan, commandant of the Pensacola navy yard. He was confirmed a rear admiral by the senate Tuesday and was retired today and given permission to go abroad.

Walker Will Be Extradited

New York, Jan. 31.—Word was received here by a detective agency that the Mexican government has finally consented to turn over to the American authorities for extradition William K. Walker, the absconding treasurer of the Savings Bank of New Britain, Conn., who was arrested recently in Lower California.

Warner Miller Assigns

New York, Jan. 29.—Penner United States Senator Warner Miller, who, since his retirement from politics, has been engaged in mining enterprises, has made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors to Ernest I. Conant. Conant says that at present he can make no statement of liabilities and assets.

Two Drown on Way to Work

Old Town, Me., Jan. 31.—James L. Collins, aged 65, and Alphonse Broderick, 48, of Bradley, were drowned while crossing the Penobscot river to go to work in a mill. In a severe gale and snowstorm they lost their way on the ice and walked into open water.

REAL LOVE MATCH

Gladys Vanderbilt Becomes
Wife of Count Szechenyi

HAS FORTUNE OF HIS OWN

No Financial Consideration Involved
In the Marriage—Nobleman Popular
in Society but Prefers Sports and
Travel to Social Gaieties

New York, Jan. 27.—In the famous Vanderbilt mansion on Fifth avenue and fifty-seventh street today at noon, Miss Gladys, youngest daughter of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, cousin of the Duchess of Marlborough, and one of the finest of American heiresses, became the bride of Count Laszlo Jeno Maria Henrik Simon Szechenyi, a young Hungarian nobleman of ancient lineage and comfortable fortune.

The marriage ceremony was performed by Mgr. Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's cathedral, and the bride's attendants were Miss Ruth Vanderbilt, Miss Dorothy Whitney, Count Anton Sigray, who recently arrived here with Count Dionsy and his wife and Count Paul Esterhazy, was the best man. One of the bride's brothers, Reginald, gave his sister in marriage. After the ceremony a breakfast was served to which some 250 invitations were issued. The Vanderbilt home was superbly arranged and decorated for the occasion and one of the features of the ceremony was music by an orchestra of sixty pieces.

The wedding gifts are said to exceed one million dollars in value and have been guarded day and night by detectives. Special arrangements were made with the police to manage the curious throngs which usually gather on such occasions.

Last summer Miss Vanderbilt became of age and entered into possession of her share of her father's great fortune, estimated at from twelve millions to fifteen millions of dollars.

Ever since her coming out a few years ago rumor has been busy engaging her to numberless young Americans, as well as to an endless succession of titled foreigners ranging from royalty to the latest importunate noble who happened on American shores. But even the gossip mongers concede that in her marriage to this comparatively obscure young Hungarian she is making purely a love match.

Count Laszlo is a handsome man of 28, slender and straight, his bearing betraying his military training and devotion to out-of-door sports. He is not even the head of his family, being the youngest of the four sons of Count Emerich Szechenyi, who was for many years the Austro-Hungarian ambassador at Berlin and who played an important part in the negotiation of the German-Austrian alliance.

Count Laszlo is also a cavalry officer, and though he belongs to most of the exclusive clubs of Europe and is popular in society, he rather prefers sports and travel to the social gaieties of his set. He is an ardent sportsman, a crack shot and an expert polo player. He has done much big game shooting and was a member of the expedition sent by the Austrian emperor some years ago to establish friendly relations with King Menelik of Abyssinia. Count Laszlo is said to have an income of some \$60,000 a year, and owns both town and country estates, although he is not, as has been reported, the owner of the magnificent domain of Horpact castle. That is the hereditary seat of the Szechenyi family and as such is held by Count Dionsy, the elder brother.

There has been much talk of the money settlement to be made upon the count, but close friends of the family aver that, unlike nearly all recent notable international marriages, in this case there was no money settlement of any kind. Countess Szechenyi will retain her great fortune and she has told her friends that their joint means will be used in common in the American manner. Laszlo's brothers and friends denied the reports of a money settlement when they arrived here a few days ago and declared that no financial consideration of any character was involved in the marriage.

Prince's Son a High-Flyer

Paris, Jan. 30.—The Prince of Monaco has given public notice that he will not be responsible for the debts incurred by his son, Louis, who is at present living a gay life in the French capital. The latest exploit of Louis was the abduction of his natural son from the child's mother.

Suicide in Wife's Presence

Boston, Jan. 27.—Joseph Trudeau, aged 20, shot and killed himself at his home here in the presence of his 19-year-old bride. A previous attempt to end his life by poison had been frustrated by his wife. An unhappy marriage is said to have been the cause of the suicide.

Pensions For Brav: Surf Fighters

Washington, Jan. 29.—An appeal to congress to aid the life-saving crews of the nation's coasts was embodied in a special message from President Roosevelt. He recommended that pensions should be given to members of the life-saving service.

Fight Against Local Option

Wilmington, Del., Jan. 31.—The court of general sessions, in a decision here, sustained the constitutionality of the local option law. An appeal will be taken to the Delaware supreme court.

Fatal Knife and Pistol Wounds

Lynn, Mass., Jan. 31.—Giuseppe Belleva of Boston, who was stabbed in the cheek and shot in the brain while visiting his brother here on Jan. 20, died last night of his wounds. Belleva had a family. The police are seeking Salvatore Necessio, a missing Lynn expressman.

38. GANTINE'S CREW SAVED

Surfmen Had Mighty Five-Hour
Battle Off Cape Cod

Nantucket, Mass., Jan. 31.—After a desperate struggle for five hours' duration against intense cold and a turbulent sea, lifesavers rescued the entire crew of the New York brigantine Fredericka Schupp, which was wrecked on Coquina beach. Mrs. Charles Oversee, wife of the captain, and her year-old baby, who were on board, were also taken off the stranded vessel.

The Schupp left South Amboy, N. J., last Sunday with a cargo of coal for Vinal Haven, Me. Wednesday night the brigantine encountered a stiff northwest wind and Captain Oversee decided to anchor under the lee of the Handkerchief shoal. Towards morning the vessel became badly reefed up and began to drift. The crew were unable to work the sails readily, and nothing could be done to keep her in deep water. At 6 o'clock yesterday morning she struck on the northerly end of the shoal. The heavy seas tumbled over the vessel, forcing tons of ice as the water froze. The members of the crew were unable to move about the deck and early abandoned the idea of launching a boat. They suffered severely in the zero weather. Several of the men were frost bitten and narrowly escaped being swept overboard.

After daylight the wreck was observed from shore and the Coskata lifesaving crew hastened to the point on the beach nearest the stranded vessel. Again and again an attempt was made to approach the brigantine, but the seas ran so high that the lifesavers had to retreat. For five hours the struggle went on and finally the men were successful in reaching the vessel. With much difficulty all those on board were taken off. There were six men beside Captain Oversee in the Schupp's crew. Mrs. Oversee displayed rare courage during her trying experience.

New Head of Illuminating Concern

Providence, Jan. 31.—At a meeting of the board of directors of the United Illuminating company, which controls gas and electric light companies in Maine and Vermont, M. C. Fletcher, president of the concern, resigned, and H. D. Hart was elected in his place. Ruth L. Howe, who has been acting as secretary and treasurer of the corporation, also resigned. These resignations came as the result of charges of mismanagement in the company's affairs, made by stockholders.

Boy Suspected of Crime

Clarendon, N. H., Jan. 31.—Charged with attempted highway robbery upon Miss Della Durward, Albert St. George, 15 years old, of Pawtucket, R. I., was arrested here and given a hearing in court. St. George is also suspected of having something to do with two breaks in local stores and breaks at White River Junction. Under New Hampshire laws, the findings of the juvenile court against St. George were not made public.

Fire Commissioner Removed

Boston, Jan. 31.—After Fire Commissioner Wells had refused an opportunity given him by Mayor Hibbard to resign yesterday he was removed from office, the action to take effect at the close of business this afternoon. The mayor declares that the organization of the fire department at present is lacking in discipline. Samuel D. Parker was named as Wells' successor. The salary of the position is \$5,000 per year.

Followed Wife in Death

Boston, Jan. 31.—Despondent over the death of his 18-year-old wife, who died Saturday after giving birth to a child, Frank H. Smith, aged 28, a traveling salesman, killed himself last evening by taking poison.

TWO REMARKABLE CURES OF ECZEMA

Over Twenty-three Years Ago Baby had Severe Attack—Years Later Grandfather Suffered Torments with the Disease—Virulent Sores Developed from Knees to Toes.

BOTH OWE COMPLETE RECOVERY TO CUTICURA

"In 1884 my grandson, a babe, had an attack of eczema, and after trying the doctors to the extent of heavy bills and an increase of the disease and suffering, I recommended Cuticura and in a few weeks the child was well. He is to-day a strong man and absolutely free from the disease."

At ten years ago I contracted eczema, and became an intense sufferer. A whole winter passed without once having on shoes, my ankles and nearly from the knees to the toes being covered with virulent sores. I tried practitioners, specialists, dermatologists, etc., to no purpose. My daughter-in-law reminded me of having prescribed Cuticura for my grandson more than twenty years ago. I at once procured the Cuticura Remedies and found immediate improvement and final cure, till to-day, though well along in years, I am as though I had never had that disease. I am well known in the vicinity of Louisville and Cincinnati, and all this could be verified by witnesses. W. W. LaRue, 845 Seventh St., Louisville, Ky., April 23 and May 14, 1907.

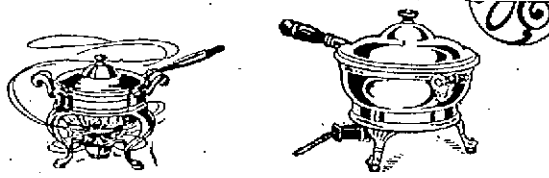
The agonizing itching and burning of the skin, as in eczema; the frightful scaling, as in psoriasis; the loss of hair and itching of scalp, as in seborrhea; the facial disfigurement, as in acne—all demand remedies of extraordinary virtue to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills are such stands proven by testimonials of remarkable cures when many remedies and even physicians have failed. One set is often sufficient to cure.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, Cuticura Remedies, for the cure of Eczema, Psoriasis, Seborrhea, Acne, and all skin diseases. Sold everywhere. Price 25c per box. Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, Cuticura Remedies, for the cure of Eczema, Psoriasis, Seborrhea, Acne, and all skin diseases. Sold everywhere. Price 25c per box.

Industrial Trust Company,
Money deposited this month in our
PARTICIPATION ACCOUNT
will draw interest from February 1st.
The present rate is 4 per cent. per annum.
Capital and Surplus, - - Seven Million Dollars
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NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY,
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SCHREIER'S,
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GREAT CLEARANCE SALE IN
MILLINERY
Choice Line of Trimmed Hats
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CHAFING DISHES

With an **ALCOHOL** Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.
With **ELECTRICITY** you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.
We have the **ELECTRIC** kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today
OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY

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You can find anything you want in our assortment of
SOUVENIR POSTAL CARDS.
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NICE STATIONERY
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27 CLARKE STREET.
The most modern and up to date House in the City.
A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.
Rates, \$2.00 Per Day.
SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.
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2-3 CORNELIUS MORIARTY, Prop'r.
PERRY HOUSE,
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OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR
Under entirely new management.
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SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST
—AND—
Dispensing Optician.
Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.
Children's Eyes a Specialty.
If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, (try) your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co. are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Optical prescriptions given personal attention.
118 SPRING STREET.
FURNISHED Cottages
TO RENT AT
BLOCK ISLAND.
H. S. MILLIKIN,
Real Estate Agent

Trapper's Tales.

[W. R. Holt, in the London Tribune.]

"No, Mr. Fenimore Cooper was an elegant writer, but his noble redskin was not the kind of person that I remember, and I lived among Indians for twenty years of my life."

We were tramping through Ontario, to see something of its timber, its agriculture, and its mines, and a happy fate put me at dinner next to Mr. Lennon, a trader, of Sudbury, who spent the early days of his venturesome life in the service of the Hudson Bay Company. In his time he was at eight or nine posts in the wild and woody north, buying skins from the trappers and hunters for transportation to London. His first charge was on Lake Temagami, and there, with a Highland attendant and an Indian servant, he camped for years in the territory of the Algonquians. I was curious to know how the Indians looked to the naked eye, without the warpaint and feathers of romance, and Lennon was good enough to tell me.

A grim, furtive person the Indian appears to have been; untrustworthy, skilful in the hunt, but a little lazy, leaving all the hard work to the squaws; and cold and ungenerous. Here and there one was discovered who became a good servant, but, as a rule, the Indian was slightly indifferent to the personal concerns of his master, would do all like a shot when the woods began to call him, and did not care two straws whether he ever saw his master again. War being denied him, the chase was the passion of his life, and he had refined it to the subtlety of an art.

"There remains in my mind," said the director of the trappers, "a picture very typical of the times. In those days the free traders, as we called them, flourished in the North, and they were always trying to buy up skins under our noses. The Indian did not mind, of course. He was always willing to sell to anybody, providing the price was good and the sale entailed no trouble to himself. We had to go out looking for big hunters to get in first. There was a fellow named Mukakos, otherwise 'The Keg,' who was the best hunter I ever knew. One winter I followed him for days, in snow-shoes, to get his furs. It was the middle of the night, and bright moonlight, when I crossed a low hill and came to the shore of a lake. The snow and the birch-bark shone like silver, and the balsams were a vivid green. On the shore was a painted wigwam, and in front of it stood Mukakos, his wife, his two children, and three dogs. The squaw held a blazing bark bannu over her head. Mukakos, peering into a hole in the ice, was shouting 'Kustcha, Kustcha!' which means 'Catch him!' to his dog. I stopped where I was, bewitched by the picture. Then Mukakos's arm shot into the water. He dragged out two beavers and the hunt was over. His stock was eighty beaver skins, six bear skins, twenty musk skins, and four otters, and took them all. Some were useless, for I was hard to persuade the Indian not to catch out of season; but, all the same, the beaver was a good one."

"To my mind beaver-catching is the finest sport on earth. It is done in winter, for summer skins are useless. You look about for a small lake with a running stream, and there, near the outlet, you may find a beaver's house, shaped like a haystack, and wonderfully built of wood and mud and stones. Being a clean and tidy animal, the beaver will only build near a stream, so that the refuse and waste wood he feeds only on bark—will be carried away from the neighborhood of his house. Across the stream he builds a dam to regulate the height of water in the lake, so that when the frost comes the entrance to his house will be under water, and not blocked up by ice. He is a tender creature, and does not like the cold. In case his house is destroyed he cuts about half a dozen tunnels of refuge from the borders of the lake. In each colony there may be half a dozen beavers. The father and mother occupy the lower floor of the house; the young ones are in the upper story. Touch the dam and the beavers become alarmed immediately."

"The first thing we do, on finding the settlement, is to smash the house with axes. At the first blow the beavers disappear, and swim under the ice. There only refuge is the tunnels, and it is then that the fineness of the game begins. Our apparatus is an ice-chisel, a crescent stick and an Indian dog. We tap the edge of the ice with the chisel, and where it sounds hollow there is a tunnel. We break the ice, feel for the walls of the tunnel with the crescent stick, and having found them set a piece of brushwood at the mouth of the opening, and draw the escape to the lake. The moment the brushwood is shifted we know that the beaver is in. We put the dog on the trail, and he scents the animal through the snow and earth, and sits down above him. An Indian taps on the surface. The frightened animal darts for the water, and an Indian catches him with his hand, taking care to grip one of the hind legs. He cracks the head with a tomahawk—and then we go on to another tunnel. The expert can tell what bark the beaver has been feeding on by the flavor of the meat. Occasionally we trap the beaver by setting a baited snare in the water before his house, taking care that the bait is a delicate bark which does not grow in the neighborhood of the house; but trenching is the better sport."

"Bears? Oh, we caught the black bear either with a snare or a deadfall. That is comparatively easy. After his winter hibernation the black bear seeks the streams where the 'hackers' go up to spawn. He steps into the river and throws the fish ashore, to let it become nice and ripe before he eats it. His runway, or trail, becomes as well marked as the King's highway, and along that we lay a snare, weighted with heavy logs, and furnished with a hidden noose, which catches the animal by the neck and suffocates him. Once I saw a bear which had been caught in the middle of the body; the skin was cut right in two."

"It is only during the rutting season about June that the bear is dangerous to man. Mukakos, the great hunter, once told me of a remarkable sight he saw in that month. Coming up to the post in his canoe, he heard a great roaring and snarling, and creeping up a mound he saw thirteen bears engaged in a battle royal on the other side—the males fighting for the females. 'Why didn't you shoot one?' I asked. 'Oh, no,' he said. 'I didn't want to let them know I was there.' That is typical of the Indian. He does not take unnecessary risks in the hunt. Mukakos would have been sure of a bear, but the other bears would have been sure of him."

"Give him a fair chance, and the Indian fears nothing. I once had a squaw in my service—a big, raw-boned woman, as strong as a moose. One day she was walking along in her snow-shoes, when her small boy saw a

bear curled up under the snow in his winter sleep. She could not kill him where she was, so she lashed a pair of snowshoes to a sapling, prodded him out, and smashed his head in with her tomahawk as he emerged. I gave her ten dollars for the skin, so it was not a bad morning's work. Another ingenious piece of hunting that I remember was accomplished by an Indian who found two moose in a 'yard'—that is, the snow-clearing which the animals make when the frosts are breaking up, and the snow falls too sharp and brittle for their comfort. He crept up and got the female with his tomahawk. The male was driven to fury, and it was unsafe to approach him. The stroke of a hoof would have put him out of business in close order. Having no gun, the Indian improvised a bow and arrow from the trees, stuck the sharp flint into the point of the arrow, made a bowstring with the laces of his moccasins, and shot the beast through the heart."

"In one respect the skill of the Indian has not been exaggerated. His woodcraft is marvellous. Set an Englishman in a virgin forest, and he is lost. Put an Indian there, and he takes the straight, easy path. By day he seems to trust to instinct; the set of the foliage and the distribution of the moss give him the points of the compass. By night he reads the stars. He knows every trail there is, he knows the habits of the beasts and the birds, and he can imitate their calls with perfect exactitude. I have seen him make a sort of megaphone out of birch bark, climb a tree, imitate the cry of a moose in the rutting season, and shoot the animals as they came up to answer the call."

"Out in Labrador, on the borderland of the Eskimo country, the Indians are as yet uncontaminated by white men, and are still mighty hunters. Every August they leave for the tablelands, taking ammunition and food with them. As they penetrate the forest they hang small bags of flour on the trees, to keep them alive on the way back, in case fresh food fails. Their first business is to track the reindeer, to lay a store of meat for the winter—and also, of course, for the sake of the skins, which feel like velvet when properly dressed by an Indian. Then they trap the martens, whose skin is almost as valuable as a Russian sable, and when the hunt is over they come back laden with precious skins, which go to London to be sold."

"Thirty years ago I remember a sale of buffalo skins in Montreal which produced £14,000. There are no buffaloes now, except for the small herd preserved by the Canadian Government. The buffalo has gone and the redskin is going. By the natural degeneration of inferior races, he is becoming a half-breed, with all the vices and none of the virtues of his white father, and his Indian mother. And, in spite of the vast resources of our virgin forests, it has become necessary to protect the big game of the Dominion. Where the railways go the beasts dwindle, as the natives shoot them, regardless of season, for fresh meat. Our forest rangers are now game wardens, invested with the powers of police magistrates, and by restricting our shooting licenses, and instituting close seasons—even close years—when necessary, we hope to preserve the rich animal life of the country."

"On the shores of Lake Temagami I visited an Indian village. The Hudson Bay post was at the head of the settlement; the rest of it consisted of the huts and tents of the Indians. The girls trooped down to the quay immediately the steamer was sighted, giggling with the boldness of a bank holiday party. A their gestures showed, they were highly critical of the personal appearance of the visitors, but they were shy and reserved when approached by the photographer of the party. With the flux of time they have nearly all become half-breeds, and they bear names which perpetuate the memory of the early Scottish settlers of the Hudson Bay Company. A little young woman, whiter than many Britishers, who wore gold bracelets, a pendant gold watch, patent leather shoes, and a Peckham Rye costume, answered to the name of Finn. There were MacLeans, McKenzies, Frasers, and Fridays, and some of them, in the matter of costume, would have done credit to an Eastland excursion to Brighton. Yet the men, in spite of their European cloth trousers, retain their old skill in the hunt, and it is to the half-bred Indian of Temagami that the sportsman still turns when he wants to go out into the virgin forest on the trail of the bear, the beaver, and the moose, and it is from the MacLeans and the McKenzies that the Hudson Bay factor still obtains his richest spoils of fur."

His Chase Fruitless.

"Your honor," he continued dejectedly, "I have repeated tried to hit that particular cat. I have chased him from fence to fence until I was made out of breath from exertion. I have made use of every device known to science to hit that cat, but I simply can't hit him."

"Yesterday I tried to fetch him with a bottle, but again I failed to hit him. I broke a plate glass window, two doors away."

"The witness paused and wiped his face. He continued:

"That particular cat has been the bane of my life. He goes around there at all hours of the night sneering at all our cats. Madame Rita keeps seventeen other cats in her yard, and I venture to say that during the course of his existence he has licked the whole seventeen."

"At this point 'Madame' Rita showed symptoms of excitement.

"There were six cats sitting on the shed," she said.

"But how did the cat get killed," inquired the court.

"Some merciful person," replied Bishop fervently, "feeling what a nuisance he was to the community, put a bullet in him. I've not been able to find the person yet, but when I do I'll shake hands with him."

"This is too caty for me," sighed the court. "Case dismissed."

Bishop leaned over the bar and addressed the court confidentially.

"How can I get rid of those cats?" he inquired.

"Some merciful person," replied Bishop fervently, "feeling what a nuisance he was to the community, put a bullet in him. I've not been able to find the person yet, but when I do I'll shake hands with him."

His First Elevator Ride.

Uncle Reuben came back from the city, excited and nervous. He had gone to the city to transact some business connected with his farm, with a lawyer whose office was in a modern skyscraper, and whose address Reuben carried along for memorandum.

"Well," he began, after his wife, alarmed at his changed condition, had threatened to summon the doctor from the nearest village, if he would not explain his case, "I had about the skin-deep shave from death, this morning. I ever heard of it? It was in that lawyer's building? You see, I found the right place and started looking through the building for his name and number. Finally, after walking up stairs for over two hours, I set down all tired out on the top step of the last stairway, completely discouraged."

"Where did I find Lawyer Barnes' office? I asked a man burly by me. He didn't stop, but just pointed his thumb at a young fellow standing inside a little cage-like room, chewing gum like a nut. So I stepped over and into this little room and asked the boy if he was Lawyer Barnes' clerk. 'No,' he said, a bit fresh-like, 'but I'll see that you see him.' Then that fresh young fellow hit the wall a punch that did his hall business."

Here Reuben paused to cover his eyes and shake all over.

"He hadn't any more to hit that wall, when he dislodged that room's gilt-quick fastenings," he went on, when his spell was over, "and the hull floor of that room fell right out and down them fifteen stories to the ground, taking me and that young fellow with it!"

"Well, thank God, here I be, Sarah. How either of us escaped getting every bone in our bodies broke I don't know, and don't care. All I know is, that floor fell flat on the ground and we didn't lose our footin'. When that shock was over I hugged the young fellow for joy and gave him a five-dollar bill for opening the door and lettin' me out ahead of him. Then I hustled for home."—The Bohemian.

The Apathy of the Clergy.

This country and this city have never more sorely needed moral leaders. The eternal battle between light and darkness was never fiercer. Vice and crime are still ravaging youth and blasting old age. Men and women in the dust and heat of the conflict have never looked more longingly for Greatheart and Valiant-for-Truth. Yet, among the hundreds of clergy in and about New York, those who are recognized as powerful forces for good, men whose lips are touched with the penitential fire, whose hearts burn with prophetic zeal, who have a passion for righteousness—these men are a veritable "remnant."

Like Father, Like Son.

Rev. Dr. Somers was in the habit of addressing Sarah, his wife, in polysyllables when he wished the children to leave the room. He never dreamed that they understood, until nine-year-old Jack, recovering from measles, was one day enjoying the dear privilege of hearing his mother read aloud.

The Doctor ventured to read begun softly, "Sarah—"

Up rose Master Jack in bed. "Sarah," quoth he, "eliminate the polysyllables!"—February Lippincott's.

A southern lady left the cook arranging the dinner table and went to the kitchen for something. A great, hulking darkey was sitting in the kitchen rocker. Indignant, the lady hurried back to the dining room.

"Cindy," she demanded, "what have I told you about having your bean in the kitchen?"

"Laws, miss, he ain't no bean—he's a outlin' but my brudder!"

"Somehow mollified, the lady went back to the kitchen."

"So you are Cindy's brother?" she said kindly.

"Lawd bless yo' no miss, I ain't no 'lation 'tall to her. I's jes' keepin' company wif her."

The lady, angry through and through, sought out Cindy again.

"Cindy," she said sternly, "why did you tell me that that man was your brother? He says he is no relation to you."

Cindy looked aghast.

"Fol de lawd's sakes, miss, did he say dat? Jes' yo' stay here a minute an' lemme go look at 'im!"—Everybody's.

The manager of an office had advertised for an office boy. In consequence he was annoyed for an hour by a straggling line of boys of all sizes, claiming various accomplishments.

"Well," he said to a late applicant, "I suppose you can read anything, and write anything and figure a little, and use the typewriter a little and"

"Naw," interrupted the boy. "If I could do all them things, I'd strike yer fer yer own job. I ain't nothin' but an office boy." He got the position.—Bohemian.

A visitor to one of the stately ancestral homes of Virginia who was being shown about by an old colored butler paused before a painting.

"Exquisite!" he exclaimed, rapturously. "That must be an old master."

Uncle Nelse shook his head. "No, sah," he replied, "ain't ole master. Dat's ole Mistis Alphonse."—Youth's Companion.

The toiler in the city had been given an advance in salary. "Now," he said, jubilantly, "I can begin saving to buy a farm." Out in Washington the agriculturist looked at the check received for his season's wheat. "Another such crop or two and I can move into the city," he mused.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"I have a lot of junk that I don't want."

"Throw it on the ash pile."

"But I'd feel wasteful."

"Then send it to the Salvation Army and feel charitable."—Washington Herald.

"I know something you don't know," said the facetious youth to the fair debutante.

"What's that?" inquired the maiden.

"Your waist is unbuttoned down the back," replied the youth.—Detroit Free Press.

"I want to tell you, sir, that this party don't affect the farmers."

"Don't, eh? Well, you jest oughter see the prodigal sons that's been thrown back on us."—Judge.

Grandma—Have you wasted any time today, Margaret?

Margaret—Yes, indeed. I played bridge all the afternoon with only one peck of cards.—Life.

What has become of the old-fashioned girl who "set her cap" for a man?

A Story of Colonel Anthony.

Colonel Daniel R. Anthony of Leavenworth was an historic figure in Kansas affairs for almost half a century. He was a fearless fighter in any cause which he espoused, and the following anecdote is emblematic of the man.

Early in June, 1862, the Seventh Kansas Cavalry was stationed near Union City, Ky., guarding the working parties occupied in repairing the Ohio & Mobile Railway to Corinth. While performing this duty and while here, Colonel Anthony, in the absence of General R. B. Mitchell, was in temporary command of the brigade. During this time the colonel issued his famous order, dated June 18, 1862, which contained this language:

"Any officer or soldier of this command who shall arrest and deliver to his master a fugitive slave shall be summarily and severely punished according to the laws relative to such crimes."

General Mitchell, on returning, ordered Colonel Anthony to rescind this order. Colonel Anthony refused, stating that as he had been relieved from command he had no authority to countermand a brigade order. General Mitchell then said, "I will place you in command long enough for you to rescind it." Anthony then asked, "Am I in command of the brigade?"

Mitchell replied "yes." "Then," said Colonel Anthony, "you, as an officer without command, have no authority to instruct me as to my duties. If the order was ever rescinded Colonel Anthony didn't do it.—Kansas City Star.

The Ambiguous Load.

Jagger—"I came home loaded last night."

Parson (in pained surprise)—"Loaded?"

Jagger—"Yes, loaded with Christmas presents for the children."

Parson—"With Christmas presents?"

Jagger—"Yes."

Parson—"Why, my dear man, this is not Christmas time?"

Jagger—"Well, didn't I say I was loaded?"—February Lippincott's.

A Romance Spoiled.

The beautiful girl waded into the yeasty surf.

Presently she uttered a shriek of terror.

"Save me!" she cried.

There were seven men on the hotel piazza. They conferred hastily.

Then the one with the clearest voice called to the struggling maiden.

"Awfully sorry," he shouted, "but there isn't an unmarried man among us."

Then the lovely girl ceased her struggles and presently waded ashore.—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

One of the contractors in Panama was much annoyed by the exceeding laziness of the sixty native workmen under him. He resolved to try to make them ashamed of their indolence, so one day he lined them up and said:

"Now, I've got a nice, easy job for the laziest man in this company. Will the laziest man please step forward?"

Fifty-nine of them stepped forward. The contractor turned to the other who stood still, looking almost too indolent to stand, and said:

"Why didn't you come forward with the others?"

And the answer came in a weary voice:

"I'm too lazy."—Judge's Library.

After a long and wasting illness a North Country man was about to don his clothes for the first time.

"Jock!" called his wife from an adjoining room, "hes than gaten all thy cles?"

The good man, with a lively sense of his emaciated condition, replied dryly:

"Aye, Aa's gotten me cles reet enuf that there's nowt to hang 'm on!"—Tit-Bits.

"Tell yer, I did."

"Will yer swear?"

"Yael."

"Take yer oath?"

"Yus!"

"Bible-oath?"

"Yas."

"Bet a penny?"

"Naw!"—Independent.

"Gee! George, how did you get that big tear in your trousers?"

"Jones's bulldog grabbed me. I made Jones cough up ten dollars for it, too."

"He paid for the trousers, did he?"

"Without a murmur. Why?"

"Say, is his dog unchained yet?"—Cleveland Leader.

"Now, Emerson, if I buy you a boat, will you promise not to be naughty any more?"

The five-year-old Boston boy adjusted his glasses. "Mother, when you have purchased the boat I shall cease to be naughty. I shall be nautical," he intelligently enunciated in purest English.—Bohemian.

"John, do you love me?"

"Yes."

"Do you adore me?"

"I s'pose."

"Will you always love me?"

"Yes—say, women, what have you been and gone and ordered sent home now?"—Pittsburg Post.

"You write for the press, I believe," said the young lady, making conversation.

"Your choice of prepositions," answered the modest man, "does me an undeserved honor. I write to the press."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Please, mum," began the aged hero in appealing tones, as he stood at the kitchen door on washday. "I've lost me leg."

"Well, I ain't got it," snapped the woman, slamming the door.—Everybody's Magazine.

"You say you don't like four daughters' sweethearts?"

"No; he talks through his nose."

"What was the matter with his predecessor?"

"He talked through his hat."—Houston Post.

"What's become of young Benson?"

"Oh, he got an automobile."

"Is that so? Is his wife having any trouble getting his life insured?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Knicker—What is their social standing?

Knicker—Do they call it a barn, stable-rocker?—New York Sun.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature

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